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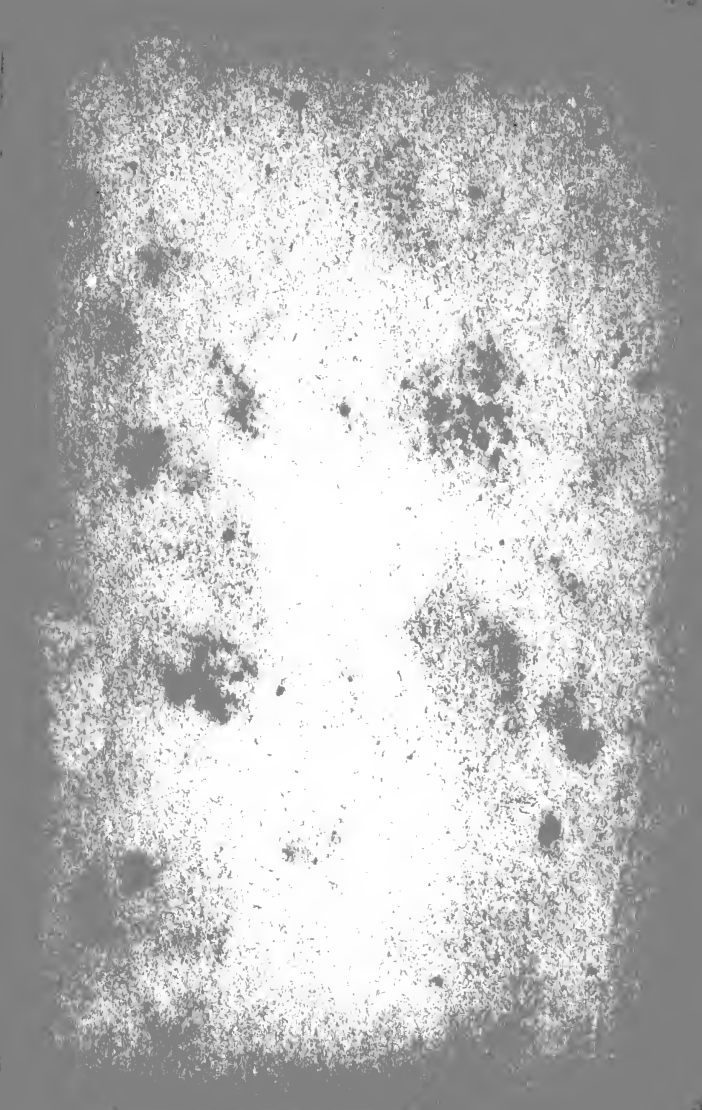
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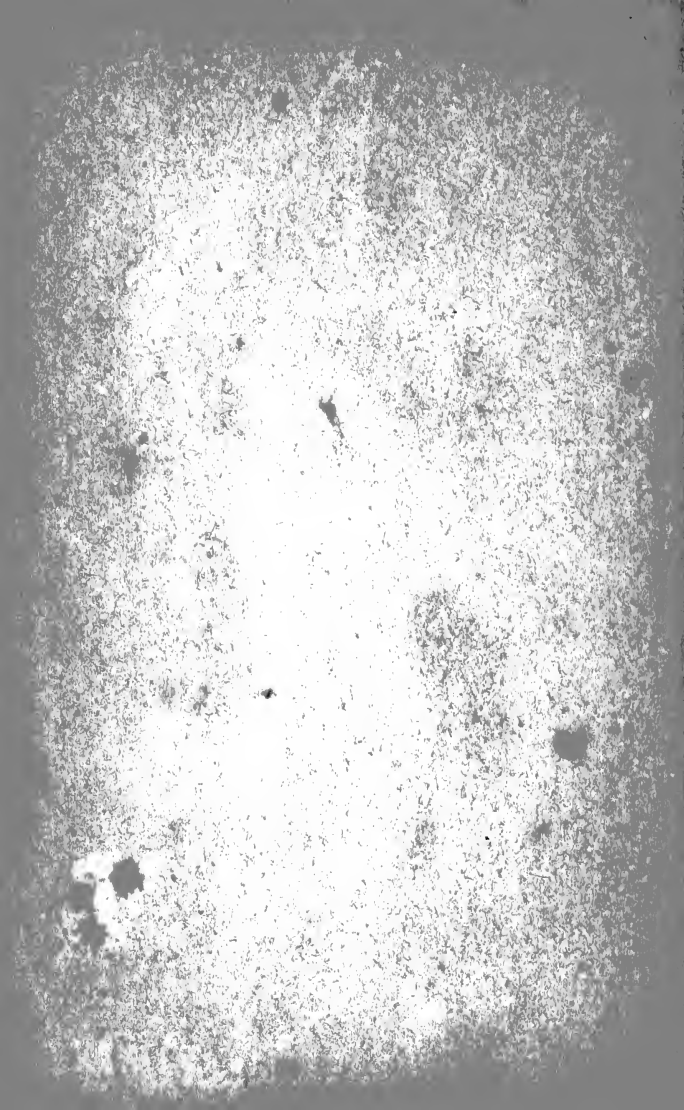
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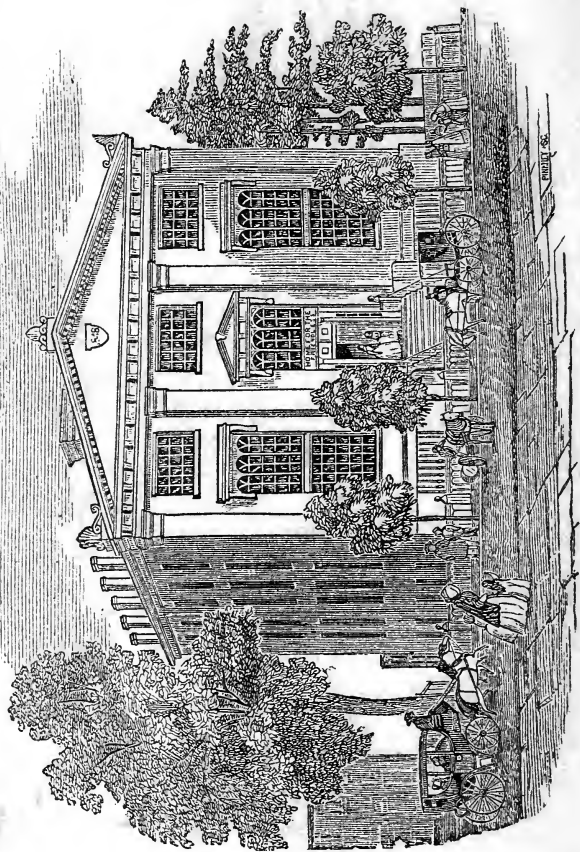












HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS.

✓✓  
-H O M E



# S O N G   B O O K.

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PREPARED FOR THE USE OF THE CHILDREN

OF THE

H O M E   F O R   T H E   F R I E N D L E S S .

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## P R E F A C E .

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THIS little volume has been compiled expressly for the children of the Home. It comprises a portion of the Hymns and Songs that have become most familiar to many of the dear ones while with us, who are now scattered abroad in the wide, wide world, and from whom we often receive the request that some of the Songs they used to sing at the Home may be sent to them.

As these Songs are associated in their young minds with the first impressions received in our school-room—with beloved teachers, helpers, and friends met here; with Sabbath hours, festal days, Christian counsel, lessons of love and kindness, parting scenes, and all the hopes, fears, woes, and joys that early childhood knows when marked by strange reverses—it has been thought best to print them in the present form, irrespective of other merit than may be found in this consideration. Where the authorship has been known, due credit is given, and if any license has been taken in selecting from other

juvenile collections—not strictly allowable, if published for the trade—the specific object for which they are used will doubtless serve as a sufficient apology.

The absent and far distant, to whom this little book is sent, and those to whom it is handed as a parting gift, are desired to keep it as a small token of love from the

MANAGERS OF THE HOME.

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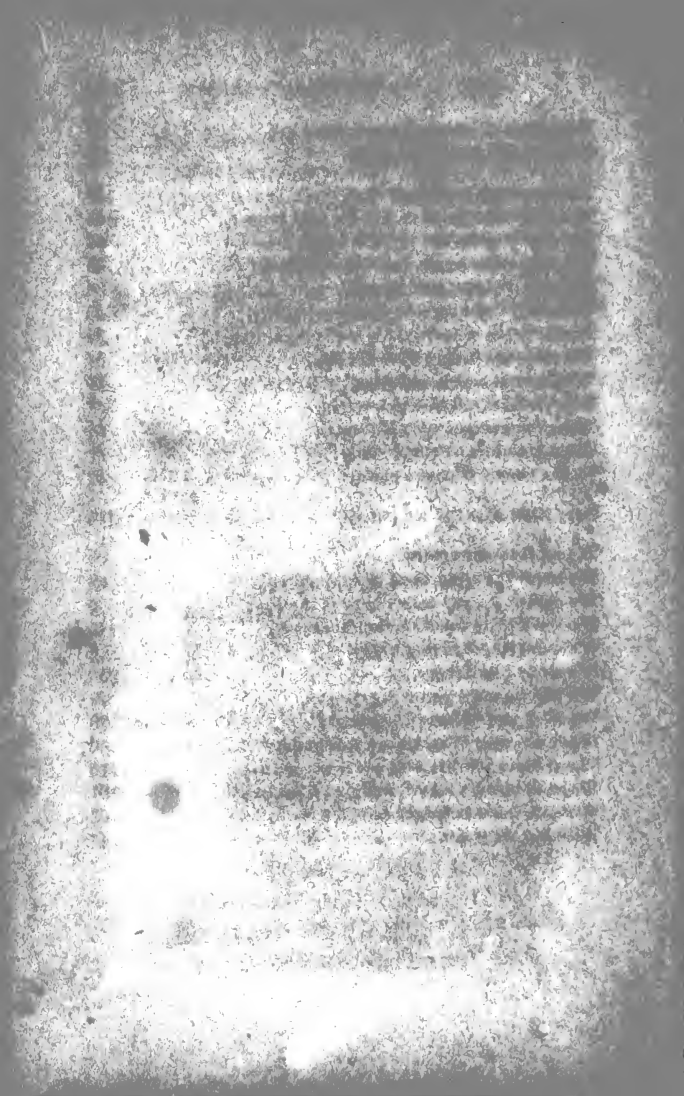
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# SONGS FOR THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

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[Original.]

## I. WE'LL NOT FORGET TO THANK YOU.

TUNE.—“*We'll not give up the Bible.*”

WE'LL not forget to thank you,  
O friends and Patrons dear,  
Who love the famished child to feed  
And dry the orphan's tear.

Through the highways and hedges,  
With pitying eye you sought,  
And found us in our low estate,  
And to your Refuge brought.

We'll not forget to bless you—  
The memory of your care  
Shall mingle with our morning praise,  
And with our nightly prayer.

Yes, wheresoe'er we wander,  
O'er life's uncertain way,  
You, like the sunbeam and the star,  
Shall guide us, lest we stray.

If, to our glorious Saviour,  
We by your hand are led,  
And taught to give our hearts to Him,  
Who here for sinners bled,

We'll meet you where He dwelleth,  
We'll hail you in the sky,  
And our sweet gratitude shall live,  
When these frail bodies die.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

## 2. I WANT A MOTHER.

I WANT a mother, Teacher dear,  
To speak to me again,  
And with her loving, gentle voice,  
To soothe me when in pain.

I want to lay my aching head  
Upon her own kind arm,  
And look into her smiling face,  
And feel secure from harm.

It is not very long ago,  
Her heart was close to mine,  
But now, they say, she's in her grave,  
And cannot speak again.

Kind Teacher, is there not for me,  
Some other mother dear,  
That I may love, and mind, and please ?  
Will you not bring her here ?

The world will sure look bright to her,  
While she shall dwell below,  
Who pities little ones like me,  
And soothes the orphan's woe.

S. R. I. B.

[Original.]

### 3. THE HOME CHILDREN'S APPEAL.

TUNE.—“*The Harp that once through Tara's Halls.*”

THIS is to us a pleasant Home,  
More bright, more happy, far,  
Than any we have known before ;  
But Teacher says there are  
Sweeter kinds of homes, where dwell  
Good Fathers, Mothers dear—  
Where childhood's songs in music swell  
On the enraptured ear.

And Teacher says, those homes so bright,  
With all the love that stirs  
A parent's heart, may cast their light  
On these dear ones of hers.  
We're waiting now, dear friends, to see,  
If you to us incline,  
We're listening *now* to hear you say,  
"This boy or girl is mine."

Oh, could we kiss a mother's cheek,  
Or climb a father's knee;  
*Love*, such as lips could never speak,  
Our hearts would give to thee;  
For some of us had parents kind,  
But death and hunger came, [twined,  
And, though we with their heart-strings  
They yielded up the name.

We have been here a few short weeks,  
But here we may not stay;  
And anxiously each child now seeks,  
To know where points its way.  
Soon, other throngs of homeless ones  
Will need a shelter here,  
Who'll take *us*, daughters, and *us*, sons?  
Pray tell us, Teacher dear.

A. C. L.

4. "BY THY FIRESIDE, GENTLE LADY." [Original.]

TUNE.—"*Mount Vernon*."

By thy fireside, gentle lady,  
Is there not some vacant seat,  
Where a little, homeless orphan,  
May with kindly greeting meet?

We are lonely, gentle lady,  
And our thoughts are very sad,  
Will you take us home, and love us?  
Then our hearts will be so glad.

Will you let us call you Mother?  
Very dear that name would be—  
Jesus said of little children,  
"Suffer them to come to me."

We would come to Jesus, lady,  
But our wayward steps will stray.  
Gentle lady, will you lead us?  
Teach our infant feet the way?

Then, amid the shining angels,  
Very lovely wilt thou be,  
When in death the Saviour whispers,  
"Suffer them to come to me."

EFFIE JOHNSON.

[Original.]

## 5. SONG OF THE HOME CHILDREN.

7s & 6s.—TUNE.—“*Millennial Dawn*.”

ELATE with joy and gladness,  
We come with willing feet,  
From our loved institution,  
Where homeless children meet,  
Our friends and generous patrons  
To welcome here to-day,  
And in this pleasant chapel  
To chant our simple lay.

We'd number many hundreds,  
Within this temple fair,  
If all our band were gathered,  
Your pleasant smiles to share.  
We're orphaned, poor, and needy,  
But we would learn the way  
To walk in paths of virtue,  
And never from them stray.

We'd learn, as years come o'er us,  
Like you, to do our part,  
To banish all the evils  
That make the tear-drops start  
From eyes of hapless children,  
Wherever they may roam—  
That peace may be their portion,  
And Heaven their happy home.

S. R. I. B.



[Original.]

## 6. THE HOME OF THE HOMELESS.

TUNE.—“*Home, sweet Home.*”

OH! there is no spot on this green earth so sweet,  
As the place where with comfort and kindness we  
meet:

If friendless, forsaken, or wretched we roam,  
When that spot we have found we will call it our  
home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home—  
We will call it, will call it, will call it our home.

The orphaned, the beggared, the homeless, we  
stand—

We have drank our chill tears to a crust in our  
hand;

From the haunts of the wretched we eagerly  
come—

So young, and so helpless—to seek for a home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home—  
We seek for a home.

We've found it! we've found it! how happy  
are we,

That God, in his mercy, has blessed us to see  
These friends, who, to greet us, so cheerfully  
come,

And proffer, with kindness, the homeless a home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home—  
For the homeless a home.

Our Father in Heaven, we ask Thee to be  
A friend to these friends who are laboring for  
thee :

Bless them, and bless us, wheresoever we roam,  
And at last, in thy presence, oh grant us a home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home—  
In heaven, in heaven, in heaven a home !

E. W. ROGERS.

## 7. WE WILL BE WHAT YOU WILL MAKE US.

WE will be what you will make us ;  
Make us wise and make us good,  
Make us strong for time of trial,  
Teach us temperance, self-denial,  
Patience, kindness, fortitude.

Look into our childish faces,  
See you not our willing hearts ?  
Only love us, only lead us,  
Only let us know you need us,  
And we all will do our parts.

We are thousands, many thousands,  
Every day our ranks increase ;  
Let us march beneath your banner,  
We're the legion of true honor,  
Combating for *love* and peace.

Train us, try us, days glide onward—  
They will ne'er be ours again ;  
Save us, save from our undoing,  
Save from ignorance and ruin,  
Make us worthy a good name.

## 8. THANKS TO PATRONS.

TUNE.—“*Bruce's Address.*”

FRIENDS, you're welcome to our sight—  
We behold you with delight ;  
You have made our pathway bright  
By your early care.

Once we had no pleasant home,  
Food or raiment scarcely none,  
Friendless wanderers did we roam—  
Sad our lot to bear.

By your work, and generous deed—  
By your thought of what we need,  
We from want and woe are freed—  
Guarded safely here.

Taught and trained as we should go,  
While we sojourn here below,  
All the paths of peace to know—  
Only SIN to fear.

Let us, then, our voices raise  
In thanks to friends—to Jesus praise,  
Grateful to our latest days  
For the Home we share.

S. R. I. B.

[Original.]

## 9. HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS.

TUNE.—“*Portuguese Hymn.*”

A HOME for the Friendless! a safe, quiet spot!  
Vain, vain was the search, the earth offered it not;  
No home for the homeless, no refuge was found,  
Save the watch-house or prison, or on the cold  
ground.

A Home for the Friendless! it rose like a star!  
It shed its bright beams o'er the cheerless afar  
The wand'rer who caught its first glimmering ray,  
Found the night of his darkness was changing to  
day!

No longer in vain, on the wings of the gale,  
The orphaned and homeless send forth their sad  
wail;

For kind hearts have heard those sad moans of  
distress,

And angels of mercy are waiting to bless.

Oh ye, who now gaze on your offspring with  
pride,

Who nestle them fondly and close to your side,  
Remember the lone ones, as homeless they roam,  
And bid them now hie to their own quiet Home.

And *there*, bereaved parents, your footsteps now  
wend,

To seek from among them a child to befriend,  
To fill the sad void in your heart and your home,  
To bless by your love, and for others make room.

A.

Spoken.]

[Original.

10. "I HAD A MOTHER."

TUNE.—"*Auld Lang Syne*."

I HAD a mother kind and good,  
And though I am quite small,  
If you will listen to her praise,  
I'll tell it to you all.

My mother, when I was a babe,  
She watched me while I slept,  
And oft, with soft and gentle hand,  
She wiped the tears I wept.

And that same hand did hold me up,  
When I began to walk—  
What joy there sparkled in her eyes,  
When first she heard me talk.

I had some pretty little books,  
She taught me how to spell,  
And, oh ! how pleased my Mother was,  
When lessons were said well.

And oh ! my Mother knelt with me,  
And taught me how to pray,  
And put my little hands up so,  
And told me what to say.

My dearest Mother ! in my heart,  
Thy memory still shall be,  
While I do pray that I, at last,  
In Heaven may be with thee.

[Original

11.

## PATRONS DEAR.

TUNE.—“ *Bruce's Address.*”

PATRONS dear, and Teachers kind,  
In our grateful hearts enshrined ;  
To your love, and tender care,  
Thanks for what we are.

Once our home was in the street,  
And we had no food to eat,  
Clothing scant, and feet all bare,  
For us none did care.

Now, we read, and write, and sew—  
You have taught us what we know,  
May our Heavenly Friend above  
Bless you with his love.

## 12. THE HOME, THE HOME.

TUNE.—“*Sunday-School.*”

THE Home, the Home, “that blessed place,  
Oh, I would rather stay  
Within its walls, a child of grace,  
Than spend my hours in play.”

### CHORUS.

The Home for the Friendless, the Home for  
the Friendless,  
Oh! 'tis the place I love,  
For there I learn the golden rule  
Which leads to joys above.

'Tis there I learn that Jesus died  
For sinners such as I;  
Oh! what has all the world beside,  
That I should prize so high.

Then let our grateful tribute rise,  
And songs of praise be given,  
To Him who dwells above the skies,  
For such a blessing given.

And welcome, then, the blessed "Home,  
We'll read, and sing, and pray,  
That we may keep the golden rule,  
And never from it stray."

Spoken.]

[Original.

13

## EIGHT YEARS OLD.

I AM a boy just eight years old,  
A son of patriot sires,  
Who loved their country—so I'm told—  
And were of freedom heirs.

If I were old enough to vote,  
One thing I'd surely do;  
I'd go for temperance out and out,  
And 'gainst oppression, too.

I guess I'd make Nebraska free,  
And Kansas—if I could—  
And join the few who nobly try  
To make the people good.



My youthful friends are, one and all,  
Tee-total Maine-law boys,  
And by the pledge we'll stand or fall,  
'Mid manhood's cares and joys.

S. R. I. B.

[Original

## 14. LINES FOR CHRISTMAS.

TUNE.—“*Greenville.*”

PATRONS, Teachers, as we meet you,  
We remember all your care;  
And the hearts of those who greet you  
Thank our friends that we are here.

We all wish you “merry Christmas,”  
And a happy, happy year:  
Very often God has blest us,  
As He heard your daily prayer.

Now we *rise*,\* as one, in token  
Of the gratitude we feel—  
Gratitude, though all unspoken,  
That our lives may yet reveal.

For your gifts, and kind tuition,  
And the time and toil you've given,  
May you reap, in full fruition,  
Rich rewards in earth and Heaven.

S. R. I. B.

\* Children rise here.

15.

## ANOTHER.

As shepherds flocks were tending,  
By night upon the plains,  
Sweet angel-voices blending  
Were heard in heavenly strains.  
And all the place was lighted  
By glory like the sun—  
The shepherds were affrighted,  
And trembled every one.

But soon the angel voices  
The joyous tidings say,  
The heavenly host rejoices,  
For Christ is born to-day.  
In Bethlehem you shall find him,  
A Saviour for us all;  
The swaddling-clothes now bind him,  
He's lying in a stall.

Go seek the Heavenly stranger,  
Proclaim the glorious word,  
Bow down beside the manger,  
And worship Christ the Lord;  
To God be highest glory!  
And peace, good-will to men!  
Shout, shout the joyous story!  
Till millions shout again!

E. C. B.

[Original.]

## 16. LINES FOR A LITTLE BOY OR GIRL.

TUNE.—“*The rosy light is dawning.*”

WE wish you “merry Christmas!”

*We're very happy, too—*Your *generous gifts* have made us

Rejoice to-day, with you.

We're needy little children ;

But *One* who reigns above

Became as poor as we are,

To bless us with his love.

May *He* reward your kindness,

And multiply your store,

That many poor and friendless

May praise Him evermore.

S. R. I. B.

## 17. A GOOD NAME IS A JEWEL.

ON the goods that are not thine

Do not dare to lay thy finger ;

On thy neighbor's better things

Let no wistful glances linger.

Pilfer not the smallest thing ;

Touch it not, howe'er thou need it,

Though the owner have enough,

Though he know it not, nor heed it.

Taste not the forbidden fruit,  
Though resistance be a trial;  
Grasping hand and roving eye  
Early teach them self-denial.

Upright heart, and honest name,  
To the poorest are a treasure  
Better than ill-gotten wealth,  
Better far than pomp or pleasure.

Poor and needy though thou art,  
Gladly take what God has given,  
With clean hand and humble heart  
Passing through the world to Heaven.

[From the Singing Bird.]

## 18. ENJOY EVERY HOUR.

WE children enjoy every hour of the day;  
We laugh and we chat, and we read and we play,  
We shout and we whistle, we jump and we sing,  
And, clatter, clatter, we make all the ears round  
us ring.

And pray, wherefore not? there is coming a time  
When we shall no longer be gay and in prime;  
And when we are older, we'll then be more prim,  
And pacing, pacing demurely, look stately and  
trim.

Ah! there goes the sun to his bed in the west,  
And brother, our pillows both wait to be pressed;  
Good night! pleasant dreams! and sweet sleep all  
the night;  
To-morrow, morrow, we'll rise with the first rosy  
light.

[Selected.

## 19. TRUST AND TRY.

TUNE.—“*Greenwood.*”

“CANNOT,” Edward, did you say!  
Chase the lazy thought away;  
Never let that idle word  
From your lips again be heard.  
Take your book from off the shelf—  
God helps him who helps himself:  
O'er your lesson do not sigh—  
Trust and try—trust and try.

“Cannot,” Edward? Say not so;  
All are weak, full well I know;  
But, if you will seek the Lord,  
He will needful strength afford;  
Teach you how to conquer sin,  
Purify your heart within.  
On your Father's help rely—  
Trust and try—trust and try.

“Cannot,” Edward? Scorn the thought,  
You can do whate'er you ought;

Ever duty's call obey,  
Strive to walk in wisdom's way.  
Let the sluggard, if he will,  
Use the lazy "cannot" still;  
On yourself and God rely—  
Trust and try—trust and try.

[The Song Book of the School-room.

20.

MUSIC.

TUNE.—"*Missionary Hymn.*"

SWEET music cheers the spirit,  
And joy speaks out in song,  
It gives the timid courage,  
It makes the feeble strong.  
It soothes the anxious bosom,  
It brings the weary rest,  
Disarms the base and evil,  
And better makes the best.

The elements speak music  
In every leafy grove,  
And all the birds in music  
Are telling forth their love.  
To us who here are singing  
Have human minds been given,  
And we should feel that music  
Is but a voice from Heaven.

[Selected.]

## 21. THE HOME SCHOOL

TUNE.—“*Away, Away to School.*”

SOME famous schools I know there are,

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

But this dear school is better far,

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Than all the schools in all our land,

Now see us here, a happy band,

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Our teachers strive to do us good,

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

You'd love them, too, I know you would,

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

If you could all their kindness see.

Of all the schools, this school for me,

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

[Selected.]

## 22. PHYSIOLOGY.

TUNE.—“*Dan Tucker.*”

WE study Physiology,

And practice what we learn, you see,

Our finger joints we nimbly move,

For exercise is what we love.

## CHORUS.

So up we go, down we go,  
Up we go all together,  
Here we learn to love one another.

Our wrists, we think, were made to use,  
But we their strength should not abuse,  
Our elbows, dear! what should we do,  
Without an elbow-joint or two.

*Chorus.*

Our shoulder-joints are better still,  
See, how they move to suit our will,  
Our necks we turn which way we please,  
And we can bow with grace and ease.

*Chorus.*

Our jaws and lips, and tongue can spring,  
Or else we could not talk or sing,  
Our eyelids wink, and wink, and wink,  
Our eyes roll quite enough, we think.

*Chorus.*

Our feet have learned one motion more,  
So they pat lightly on the floor,  
Our hands a prettier sound shall make,  
To show you that we're wide awake.

## CHORUS.

So up we go, down we go,  
Up we go all together,  
Here we learn to love one another.



## 23. A LESSON IN GRAMMAR.

TUNE.—“*Yankee Doodle.*”

OF parts of speech, grammarians say,  
That nine is but the number,  
Whether we speak of men or things,  
*Hear, see, smell, feel, or slumber.*

A *Noun* is a name of any thing,  
Of person, place or nation ;  
As *man* and *tree*, and all we see,  
That stand still, or have motion.

The *Articles* are *A* and *The*,  
By which these nouns we limit ;  
*A tree, the man, a pot, the pan,*  
*A spoon with which to skim it.*  
The *Adjective* then tells the kind,  
Of every thing called noun, sir,  
*Good boys or bad, girls glad or sad,*  
*A large or a small town, sir.*

The nouns can also agents be,  
And *Verbs* express their actions ;  
Boys *run* and *walk*, girls *laugh* and *talk*,  
*Read, write, tell wholes or fractions.*  
To modify these verbs, again,  
The *Adverb* fits most neatly ;  
As, James *correctly* reads or writes,  
And Jane, she sings so *sweetly*.

The *Pronoun* shortens what we say,  
And takes the place of names, sir,  
With *I, thou, he, she, we, you, they,*  
When sentences we frame, sir.  
*Conjunctions* next we bring, to join  
These sentences together ;  
As, John *and* James may go to town,  
' If it should prove good weather.

With *Nouns* and *Pronouns* we have need  
To use the *Preposition* ;  
Which set *before*, or placed *between*,  
Expresses their position.  
The *Interjection* helps to express  
Our joy and sorrow too, sir,  
As when we shout *hurrah !* or cry,  
*Alas !* what shall we do, sir ?

## 24.

## READING SONG.

WE are all reading, read, read, reading,  
We are all reading in our reading-school,  
And we all sit very still  
As we look our lessons o'er ;  
For the books we've got to master  
Are more than half a score.  
So we're all reading, read, read, reading,  
So we're all reading in our reading-school.

We are all writing, write, write, writing,  
We are all writing in our writing-school :  
Hold the pen and pencil free,  
    Make the letters smooth and plain ;  
If we write our copies badly,  
    We must write them o'er again.  
So we're all writing, etc.

We are all reckoning, reckon, reckon, reck-  
    'ning,  
We are all reck'ning in our reck'ning-school.  
Three and four and five are twelve,  
    Two times twelve are twenty-four ;  
That's a little sum we reckon—  
    We can reckon fifty more.  
We are all reck'ning, etc.

## 25. SONG OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

TUNE.—“*Uncle Sam's Farm.*”

I AM father of the waters,  
    Many children dwell with me ;  
If I call them all together  
    We can whip the Gulf and Sea.  
Here's my little son *St. Peter's* ;  
    There *St. Croix* comes out to play ;  
*Upper Iowa* and *Chippewa*  
    Are dancing o'er the way.

Ho! come along, come along,  
Don't be afraid!  
Come from hill and mountain,  
Over rock and glade!  
Though the land we must water, and  
The boats carry free,  
Our force is plenty big enough  
To whip the Gulf and Sea.

Come, *Wisconsin*, little *Turkey*,  
*Wapsipinicon*, hurrah!  
*Rock*, *Red Cedar*, and *Iowa*,  
Let's be ready for the war!  
Come, *Des Moines*, awake, and rally  
Every brook from every hill;  
*Illinois*, bring all your children—  
We must try the ranks to fill.  
Ho! come along, etc.

Great *Missouri*! many children  
Sleep with you in forests wild;  
Wake, and call them to the conflict,  
Stalwart youth and prattling child;  
Little *Jefferson* and *Madison*,  
And *Gallatin*, awake!  
Call up *Dearborn* and *Maria*;  
The *North Mountain*, too, we'll take.  
Ho! come along, etc.

Bring the *Muscleshell*, and *Milk*, and  
    *Porcupine*; bring *Yellow Stone*  
With his *Big Horn*, *Tongue*, and *Powder*;  
    We must muster every one.  
Where's the *White Earth*, *Little Missouri*,  
    *Cannon Ball* and *Welawhoo*?  
Stir them up! and rouse *Chayenne*, and  
    *White*, and *Running Water*, too.  
Ho! come along, etc.

Here's the *James*, *Sioux*, and *Little Sioux*,  
    The *Soldier*, *Boyer*—see!  
They are springing forth for action,  
    Full of life and full of glee!  
There's the *Platte*, the *Kansas*, *Osage*,  
    *Gasconade*, and several more.  
Now, *Missouri*, let's be moving  
    To the work that lies before.  
Ho! come along, etc.

[Selected.]

## 26.           LIGHTLY TREAD.

TUNE.—“*Lightly row.*”

LIGHTLY tread, lightly tread,  
So our teachers oft have said;  
    Softly go, softly go,  
    'Tis the law, we know;

Lightly tread the echoing floor,  
Lightly shut the slamming door,  
    Lightly all, lightly all,  
    Let our footsteps fall.

Far away, far away,  
We may run and jump and play,  
    Laugh and shout, laugh and shout,  
    Childhood ringing out.  
But, assembled here in school,  
Let us all obey the rule :  
    Lightly go, lightly go,  
    Thus our love we show.

Study now, study now—  
Happy heart and healthy brow ;  
    This the time, this the time,  
    Now in youthful prime.  
Wisdom, goodness, honor, all,  
Childhood to obedience call ;  
    Let us all, let us all  
    Listen to the call.

[Selected.

27.      HE NEVER TOLD A LIE.

TUNE.—“*Allen Street.*”

OH ! there was once a little boy,  
    With curly hair and pleasant eye,

A boy who always told the truth,  
And never, never told a lie.

And when he trotted off to school  
The children all about would cry,  
"There goes the curly-headed boy,  
The boy who never tells a lie."

And everybody loved him so,  
Because he always told the truth,  
That every day, as he grew up,  
'Twas said, "There goes the honest youth."

And when the people that stood near  
Would turn to ask the reason why,  
The answer would be always this:  
"Because he never tells a lie."

[Selected.]

28.

## A FARMER'S LIFE.

TUNE.—"Yankee Doodle."

A FARMER's life is the life for me,  
I own I love it dearly,  
And every season, full of glee,  
I take its labor cheerily.  
To plough or sow, to reap or mow,  
Or in the barn to thresh, sir,  
All's one to me, I plainly see,  
'Twill give me health and cash, sir.

## CHORUS.

Oh, a farmer's life is the life for me,  
I own I love it dearly,  
And every season, full of glee,  
I take its labor cheerily.

A farmer's life, then, let me lead,  
Obtaining, while I lead it,  
Enough for self, and some to give,  
To such poor souls as need it.  
I'll drain and fence, nor grudge expense,  
To give my land good dressing,  
I'll plough and sow, or drill in row,  
And hope from Heaven a blessing.

## CHORUS.

Oh, a farmer's life is the life for me,  
I own I love it dearly,  
And every season, full of glee,  
I take its labor cheerily.

[Selected.]

## 29. OH! WELCOME, WELCOME, FESTAL DAY!

TUNE.—“*Belleville.*”

Oh, welcome, welcome, festal day!  
That marks our years, and cheers our way.  
Kind friends and teachers, guardians dear,  
Our hearts rejoice to see you here.



Kind friends and teachers, guardians dear,  
Our hearts rejoice to see you here.

To you, dear friends, whose generous aid  
Within our reach good books have laid,  
We offer thanks, and we would pray,  
That God would bless you day by day,  
We offer, etc.

Our teachers dear, by whose kind hand  
We're pointed to the spirit land,  
If there one note to mortals rise,  
We'll thank you in those upper skies.  
If there, etc.

We know these earthly ties must end—  
We're taught to seek in Christ a friend,  
Whose changeless love no power can move—  
Oh, Saviour, shed on us that love.  
Whose changeless love no power can move,  
Oh, Saviour, shed on us that love.

[From Songs for the Little Ones at Home.

30.

### IF EVER I SEE.

TUNE.—“*Little Bo-peep.*”

If ever I see  
On bush or tree,

Young birds in their pretty nest,  
I must not in play  
Steal the birds away,  
To grieve their mother's breast.

My mother, I know,  
Would sorrow so,  
Should I be stolen away;  
So I'll speak to the birds  
In my softest words,  
Nor hurt them in my play.

And when they can fly  
In the bright blue sky,  
They will warble a song to me;  
And then if I'm sad,  
It will make me glad,  
To think they are happy and free.

[Linden Harp.]

31.

### A WATER SONG.

TUNE.—“*Across the Lake.*”

EACH flower holds up  
A dainty cup,  
To catch the rain and dew;  
The drink of flowers,  
That falls in showers,  
Is just the drink for you,

The drink of flowers,  
That falls in showers,  
Is just the drink for you.

The stars so bright,  
That gem the night,  
In the high heaven of blue,  
Fling down their beams,  
Upon the streams,  
Which flow with drink for you, etc.

That nightingale,  
Which charms the vale,  
From yonder fountain flew;  
The song-bird's drink,  
Should be, I think,  
The drink for birds like you, etc.

[Selected.]

32.

## THE STARS ARE FADING.

TUNE.—“*Dan Tucker.*”

THE stars are fading from the sky,  
The mists before the morning fly,  
The east is glowing with a smile,  
And nature, laughing all the while,  
Says, Clear the way, the world is waking,  
Clear the way, the way, the world is waking,  
Clear the way, the world is waking,  
Night is gone and day is breaking.

The cock has crowed with all his might,  
The birds are singing with delight,  
The hum of business meets the ear,  
And face to face, with kindly cheer,  
Say, Clear the way, the world is waking,  
Clear the way, the way, the world is waking,  
Clear the way, the world is waking,  
Night is gone and day is breaking.

The bell is ringing, haste away,  
The school is open, leave off play,  
The sun of knowledge there we find,  
Arising on the youthful mind ;  
So, clear the way, the world is waking,  
Clear the way, the way, the world is waking,  
Clear the way, the world is waking,  
Night is gone and day is breaking.

### 33. "WHEN GENERAL WASHINGTON."

TUNE.—"*Auld Lang Syne*."

WHEN General Washington was young,  
About as large as I,  
He never would permit his tongue  
To tell a wilful lie.

Once, when he cut his father's tree,  
He owned it to his face,  
And then his father ardently  
Clasped him in his embrace.

He told his son, it pleased him more  
To find him own the truth,  
Than if his tree were bending o'er  
With rich and golden fruit.

Then, like this good and noble youth,  
Whose virtue ever shone,  
I'll seek the paths of love and truth,  
And all my faults will own.

### 34. INDEPENDENCE HYMN.

TUNE.—“*Joy.*”

With joy we meet,  
With smiles we greet  
Our schoolmates bright and gay;  
Be dry each tear  
Of sorrow here—  
'Tis Independence Day.

'Tis freedom's sound  
That rings around,  
And brightens every ray;  
Our banner floats,  
With trumpet notes,  
On Independence Day.

While thunder breaks,  
And music wakes

Its patriotic lay,  
At temple-gate  
Our feet shall wait  
On Independence Day.

O, who from home  
Would fail to come  
And join the children's lay,  
When praise we bring  
To God our King,  
On Independence Day.

For Liberty,  
Great God, to thee  
Our grateful thanks we pay;  
For thanks, we know,  
To thee we owe,  
On Independence Day.

### 35. ADVICE TO THE LITTLE ONES.

My dear little child,  
Be gentle and mild;  
For what can you get  
By passion or pet,  
But sorrow and shame,  
A very bad name,  
The loss of your peace,  
And guilt in its place.

[Original.]

## 36. BUY A BRICK!

A DONATION SONG.

TUNE.—"*Buy a Broom.*"

DEAR friends, do you know that to pay for our  
building,

The *bricks* we've concluded must something  
avail,

And now we are sure that you all will be will-  
ing,

To help us along with our very great sale.

Buy a brick! buy a brick!

Oh, buy of the little Home children, a brick!

You see how we need our Home Chapel, we're  
crowded

On these festal days, when we see all our  
friends;

We need our Gymnasium, the sky's sometimes  
clouded,

And fast-pattering rain on our play-ground  
descends.

Buy a brick! buy a brick!

Oh, buy of the little Home children, a brick!

And then there are coming nice boxes so many,

We need a new store-room, a place for them  
all;—

And those quiet chambers, if sick we have any—  
The *Advocate* office, and work-room, and hall—  
Buy a brick! buy a brick!  
Oh, buy of the little Home children, a brick!

Our Home is so near the Fifth Avenue dwell-  
ings—

It costs so much cash all us children to keep,  
We're sure you will think that the Home we are  
selling,

At a *dollar a brick*, most *surprisingly* cheap!  
Buy a brick! buy a brick!

Oh, buy of the little Home children, a brick!

E. M. S.

[Original.]

### 37. THANKSGIVING SONG OF THE HOME CHILDREN.

THANKSGIVING is a happy day,  
To us, the children of the "Home,"  
For, till the daylight fades away,  
To see us, friends and patrons come.

They bring us gifts, they on us smile!  
They fill our little hearts with joy,  
And sometimes they select a child,  
That looks like their lost girl or boy.



We're sorry for those friends, who come,  
All dressed in black—they've lost their  
pet—

But should they take *me* to their home,  
I'd try to help them to forget.

Our patrons dear, we thank you much  
For Home, and care, and festal days,  
"The acts of love ye do for such,  
Are done for me," dear Jesus says.

E. M. S.

[Original.]

38. SABBATH HYMN.

C. M.—TUNE.—"*Eimeo*."

BEHOLD, oh God, this little band,  
Who in thy courts appear,  
And fill our tender, grateful hearts,  
With reverence, love, and fear.

Rescued from vice, from want, from woe,  
Thy mercy opened wide  
A blessed Home from lone despair,  
And bid us there abide.

Benignant God! Thy servants bless,  
Whose hearts thou hast inclined,  
To save our bodies from distress  
And purify the mind.

Great Saviour! who, when here on earth,  
Thy kindness did express  
To little children at thy feet,  
Who came to thee to bless,

Point us to mansions in the sky,  
Where want nor sorrow come;  
And in thy blessed asylum placed  
Thy Heaven shall be our home.

[Original.]

### 39. CHRISTIAN CONVERSE.

C. M.—TUNE.—“*There is an Hour.*”

If it is sweet on earth to meet  
With friends and kindred dear,  
What must it be when we are free  
From sin, and grief, and fear.

With pure delight the saints in light  
Engage in praise divine,  
Mingle their songs with happy throngs,  
Where glories round them shine.

We love to think, while on the brink  
Of this our pilgrimage,  
There is a joy without alloy,  
Which can, our grief assuage.

Assurance blessed, a holy rest  
Awaits each pious soul,  
Joys that endure, forever sure,  
While endless ages roll.

L. M. MELVILLE.

[Wellspring.

40. PRAYER.

LITTLE children, when the evening  
Falleth with its quiet shade,  
Over tree-top, sky, and steeple,  
Ere your little heads are laid  
On your pillow for repose,  
'Neath the Father's mighty care,  
Bow the heart and bend the knee,  
Low to Him in fervent prayer.

Pray, little children, pray.

Little children, when the morning  
Poureth o'er the eastern hills  
Its bright flood of blessed sunshine,  
Making glad the fields and rills ;  
Ere you leave your quiet chambers,  
Pause, and kneel, and humbly pray  
To the God that has preserved you  
To behold another day.

Pray, little children, pray.

Little children, when temptation  
Cometh with its tyrant power,

Pray to Him, dear little children,  
In that dark and bitter hour.  
He will then disarm the tempter,  
Turn from you his poisoned dart,  
And with grace and strength triumphant,  
Make his throne within thy heart.  
Pray, little children, pray.

Little children, when stern sorrow  
Lays on you its heavy hand,  
Veiling all the world in darkness,  
Veiling, too, the better land;  
Go to Jesus, little children,  
He will soothe, and He will bless,  
He'll revive your fainting spirits,  
Whisper peace and happiness.  
Pray, little children, pray.

Little children, when His summons  
Calls you from these scenes away,  
Ask Him to receive your spirits,  
Pray, dear little children, pray.  
Pray that, through the great Redeemer,  
You may rise to life and light,  
And, glad hallelujahs singing,  
Dwell for ever in His sight.  
Pray, little children, pray.

[Selected.]

## 41. A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

TUNE — "*Ortonville.*"

THE day is gone, the night is come,  
The night for quiet rest,  
And every little bird has flown  
Home to its downy nest.

The robin was the last to go,  
Upon the leafless bough,  
He sang his evening hymn to God,  
And he is silent now.

The bee is hushed within the hive,  
Shut is the daisy's eye;  
The stars alone are peeping forth  
From out the darkened sky.

No, not the stars alone; for God  
Has heard what I have said,  
His eye looks on his little child,  
Kneeling beside the bed.

He kindly hears me thank Him now,  
For all that He has given,  
For friends, and books, and clothes, and  
food,  
But, most of all, for Heaven.

There I shall go when I am dead,  
If truly I do right;  
There I shall meet all those I love,  
As angels pure and bright.

[Linden Harp.]

42. LITTLE LOVING ONES.

We all love one another,  
We all love one another,  
We all love one another,  
And keep the golden rule;  
Sing on, love on, a little band of loving ones,  
Sing on, love on, a little loving band.

We love the Holy Bible,  
We love the Holy Bible,  
We love the Holy Bible,  
Which tells us what to do.  
Sing on, &c.

We try to love the Saviour,  
We try to love the Saviour,  
We try to love the Saviour,  
Who shed for us His blood.  
Sing on, &c.

We hope to get to Heaven,  
We hope to get to Heaven,

We hope to get to Heaven,  
And sing the songs above.  
Sing on, love on, a little band of loving ones,  
Sing on, love on, a little happy band.

[Selected.]

## 43. CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

TUNE.—*"Love each other."*—"Bounding Billow."

' JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me!  
Bless thy little lamb to-night!  
Through the darkness be thou near me,  
Watch my sleep till morning light!  
All this day thy hand has led me,  
And I thank thee for thy care;  
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me—  
Listen to my evening prayer.  
Let my sins be all forgiven,  
Bless my friends I love so well,  
Take me, when I die, to Heaven,  
Happy there with thee to dwell.

[Selected.]

## 44. EVENING HYMN.

How bright the day, the joyful day,  
When all the good shall come,  
And, clothed in robes of white array,  
Meet in their happy home,

CHORUS—Meet me in Heaven,  
Meet me in Heaven,  
Meet me in Heaven,  
Where we'll never part again.

Ah, would you be among the blest,  
Who walk the golden streets,  
Or hang upon the Saviour's breast,  
Or worship at his feet.

CHORUS—Meet me in Heaven, etc.

Then wander not from Jesus Christ,  
And tread the path of sin,  
Until you find the gate of woe,  
And there must enter in.

CHORUS—Meet me in Heaven, etc.

Your Teachers cannot bear to think  
Those little feet may slide  
Upon the dark and dreadful brink  
Of ruin's sweeping tide.

CHORUS—Meet me in Heaven, etc.

Come to the Saviour, little ones,  
And, with his own dear flock,  
He'll hide you when temptation comes,  
Safe in the clefted rock.

CHORUS—Meet me in Heaven, etc.



[Selected.]

## 45. CHILD, YOU'RE OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW.

TUNE.—"*Pleyel's Hymn*."

CHILD, you're old enough to know

That you need a Saviour's love ;

That you are a sinner, too,

All your wicked actions prove.

When you feel your bosom swell,

Angry passions rise within,

And your lips speak what you feel,

Something tells you this is sin.

Jesus Christ was once a child,

But his heart was pure within,

Always gentle, kind, and mild—

Child, you must be just like Him.

[Songs of Zion.]

## 46. WHO ARE THESE IN BRIGHT ARRAY.

TUNE.—"*Ives*."

Who are these in bright array,

This innumerable throng,

Round the altar, night and day,

Hymning one triumphant song?

Worthy is the Lamb once slain,

Blessing, honor, glory, power,

Wisdom, riches to obtain,

New dominion every hour.

These through fiery trials trod,  
These from great afflictions came;  
Now before the throne of God,  
Sealed with his almighty Name,  
Clad in raiment pure and white,  
Victor palms in every hand,  
Through their dear Redeemer's might,  
More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
On immortal fruits they feed;  
Them the Lamb amidst the throne  
Shall to living fountains lead:  
Joy and gladness banish sighs,  
Perfect love dispels all fears,  
And forever from their eyes  
God shall wipe away the tears.

[Martyne.]

#### 47. LITTLE TRAVELERS.

LITTLE travelers Zionward,  
Each one entering into rest,  
In the kingdom of your Lord,  
In the mansions of the blest,  
There, to welcome, Jesus waits—  
Gives the crowns his followers win—  
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!  
Let the little travelers in!

Who are they whose little feet,  
Pacing life's dark journey through,  
Now have reached that heavenly seat  
They had ever kept in view?  
I from Greenland's frozen land;  
I from India's sultry plain;  
I from Afric's barren land;  
I from islands of the main.

All our earthly journey past,  
Every tear and pain gone by,  
Here together met at last,  
At the portal of the sky!  
Each the welcome "come" awaits,  
Conquerors over death and sin!  
Lift your heads, ye golden gates!  
Let the little travelers in!"

[Selected.]

48.

## HOW HE LOVES.

TUNE.—"Love of Jesus."

JESUS little children blesses,  
Oh how He loves;  
Fondly He each lamb caresses,  
Oh how He loves  
Would you wish to go to Heaven,  
Ask, and have your sins forgiven,

None from Him were ever driven,  
Oh how He loves, how He loves, how  
He loves, how He loves.

He will listen to your prayer,  
Oh how He loves ;  
Although feeble, if sincere,  
Oh how He loves ;  
He became a child, to sever  
You from sin and Satan ever,  
Those who come He'll cast out never,  
Oh how He loves, how He loves, how  
He loves.

[Original.

49.

### MORNING HYMN.

C. M.—TUNE.—“Ortonville.”

OUR God, who kept us through the night,  
Will hear our morning prayer,  
And He, who sees the sparrow's flight,  
Will make each child His care.

How great and good that Being is,  
Who knows each wicked thought,  
And yet so many blessings gives,  
If they are humbly sought.

The Saviour bids young children come,  
And early seek his grace ;

For infant spirits near the Throne  
Behold his Father's face.

Before that Saviour we will bow,  
His gentle voice obey,  
To ask his blessing on us now,  
Come, let us kneel and pray,

E. M. S.

[Original.

50. SABBATH-SCHOOL HYMN.

TUNE.—“*Martyn.*”

To the Chapel we have come,  
From our pleasant, happy Home,  
Grateful that the Lord of light  
Watched and kept us through the night.  
Oh ! how much more blessed are we,  
By God's love so pure and free,  
Than are those who never heard  
Of the Saviour and his Word.

We are taught the way to Heaven,  
In the Bible God has given ;  
And we learn that Jesus gave  
His own life our souls to save.  
While we are in Sabbath-school  
We will mind our teachers' rules,  
And we will not work nor play,  
On God's holy Sabbath-day.

E. M. S.

51.

## EVENING HYMN.

[Original.

7s.—TUNE.—“*Pleyel's Hymn.*”

THOU, from whom we never part,  
Thou whose love is everywhere,  
Thou, who seest every heart,  
Listen to our evening prayer.

Father, fill our souls with love,  
Love, unfailing, full, and free,  
Love, no injuries can move,  
Love that ever rests on Thee.

Heavenly Father, through the night,  
Keep us safe from every ill;  
Cheerful as the morning light,  
May we wake to do thy will.

MRS. FOLLEN.

52. HERE WE LEARN OF GOD AND  
HEAVEN.

[Selected.

TUNE.—“*Granite State.*”

HERE we learn of God and Heaven,  
How our sins may be forgiven,  
Through the blood of Jesus, given  
For the children of the Home.

CHORUS—We're a band, a band of children,  
We're a band, a band of children,

We're a band, a band of children,  
And we love this happy home.

May we strive, by good behavior,  
How to gain the love and favor  
Of the ever blessed Saviour,  
In this dear and happy home.

CHORUS—We're a band, a band of children, etc.

If our hearts we give to Jesus,  
He will never, never leave us,  
But to glory will receive us,  
To Heaven, our happy home.

CHORUS—We're a band, a band of children, etc.

[Linden Harp.]

### 53. MORN AMID THE MOUNTAINS.

MORN amid the mountains!  
Lovely solitude,  
Gushing streams and fountains  
Murmur—God is good,  
God is good.

Now the glad sun, breaking,  
Pours a golden flood,  
Deepest vales awaking,  
Echo—God is good,  
God is good.

Hymns of praise are ringing  
Through the lofty wood ;  
Songsters, sweetly singing,  
Warble—God is good,  
God is good.

Wake and join the chorus,  
Man with soul endued !  
He, whose smile is o'er us,  
God, our God is good,  
God is good.

C. M.

[Selected.]

## 54. SEE THE KIND SHEPHERD.

SEE, the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,  
With all engaging charms ;  
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,  
And folds them in his arms.

Permit them to approach, he cries,  
Nor scorn their humble name ;  
For 'twas to bless such souls as these  
The Lord of angels came.

He'll lead us to the heavenly streams,  
Where living waters flow ;  
And guide us to the fruitful fields,  
Where trees of knowledge grow.



The feeblest lamb amidst the flock  
Shall be its Shepherd's care;  
While folded in the Saviour's arms  
We're safe from every snare.

55. TRY AGAIN.

'Tis a lesson you should heed,  
Try, try again;  
If at first you don't succeed,  
Try, try again;  
Then your courage should appear,  
For, if you will persevere,  
You will conquer—never fear;  
Try, try again.

Once or twice though you should fail,  
Try, try again;  
If at last you would prevail,  
Try, try again;  
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace,  
Though we may not win the race;  
What should you do in that case?  
Try, try again.

If you find your task is hard,  
Try, try again;  
Time will bring you your reward;  
Try, try again;

All that other folks can do,  
Why, with patience, may not you?  
Only keep this rule in view:  
Try, try again.

## 56.

## LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean  
And the beauteous land.

And the little moments,  
Humble though they be,  
Make the mighty ages  
Of eternity.

So our little errors  
Lead the soul away  
From the path of virtue,  
Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,  
Little words of love,  
Make our earth an Eden,  
Like the heaven above.

Little seeds of mercy,  
Sown by youthful hands,  
Grow to bless the nations  
Far in distant lands.

## 57. THIS WORLD IS NOT SO BAD A WORLD.

THIS world is not so bad a world  
As some would like to make it;  
Though whether good, or whether bad,  
Depends on how we take it;  
For if we scold and fret all day,  
From dewy morn till even,  
This world will ne'er afford to man  
A foretaste here of heaven.

This world in truth's as good a world  
As e'er was known to any  
Who have not seen another yet—  
And there are very many;  
And if the men and women, too,  
Have plenty of employment,  
They surely must be hard to please,  
Who cannot find enjoyment.

This world is quite a pleasant world,  
In rain or pleasant weather,  
If people would but learn to live  
In harmony together,  
And cease to burst the kindly bond,  
By love and peace cemented,  
And learn that best of lessons yet,  
To always be contented.

Then, were this world a pleasant world,  
And pleasant folks were in it,  
The day would pass most pleasantly,  
To those who thus begin it;  
And all the nameless grievances  
Brought on by borrowed troubles,  
Would prove, as certainly they are,  
A mass of empty bubbles.

### 58 THE WIDOW'S PIOUS SON.

I KNEW a widow, very poor,  
Who four small children had;  
The eldest was but six years old—  
A gentle, modest lad.  
And very hard this widow toiled,  
To feed her children four;  
An honest pride the woman felt,  
Though she was very poor.

To labor she would leave her home,  
For children must be fed;  
And glad was she when she could buy  
A shilling's worth of bread.  
One day, when snow was falling fast,  
And piercing was the air,  
I thought that I would go and see  
How these poor children were.

Ere long I reached their cheerless home:

'Twas searched by every breeze;

When going in, the eldest child

I saw upon his knees.

I paused, and listened to the boy:

He never raised his head,

But still went on, and said, "*Give us*

*This day our daily bread.*"

I waited till the child was done,

Still listening as he prayed;

And when he rose I asked him why

The Lord's prayer he had said.

"Why, sir," said he, "this morning, when

My mother went away,

She wept, she said, because she had

No bread for us to-day.

"She said we children now must starve,

Our father being dead;"

And then I told her not to cry,

For I could get some bread.

"*'Our Father,'* sir, the prayer begins,

Which makes me think that He,

As we have got no father here,

Would our kind Father be.

DR. HAWKS.

## 59. "I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL."

I WANT to be an angel,  
And with the angels stand,  
A crown upon my forehead,  
A harp within my hand ;  
There, right before my Saviour,  
So glorious and so bright,  
I'd wake the sweetest music,  
And praise him day and night.

I never would be weary,  
Nor ever shed a tear,  
Nor ever know a sorrow,  
Nor ever feel a fear ;  
But blessed, pure, and holy,  
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,  
And with ten thousand thousands,  
Praise him both day and night.

I know I'm weak and sinful,  
But Jesus will forgive ;  
For many little children  
Have gone to heaven to live.  
Dear Saviour, when I languish,  
And lay me down to die,  
O! send a shining angel,  
And bear me to the sky.

Oh, there I'll be an angel,  
And with the angels stand,  
A crown upon my forehead,  
A harp within my hand.  
And there, before my Saviour,  
So glorious and so bright,  
I'll join the heavenly music,  
And praise him day and night.

60. GOD'S BLESSING ASKED.

TUNE.—"*Brown.*"

O THAT the Lord would guide my ways  
To keep his statutes still :  
O that my God would grant me grace  
To know and do his will.  
O send thy Spirit down to write  
Thy law upon my heart ;  
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
Nor act the liar's part.  
Conduct my footsteps to thy word,  
And make my heart sincere ;  
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
But keep my conscience clear  
Make me to walk in thy commands ;  
'Tis a delightful road ;  
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,  
Offend against my God.

## 61. THE SABBATH.

TUNE.—*"Portuguese Hymn."*

How sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest;  
The day of the week which I surely love best;  
The morning my Saviour arose from the tomb,  
And took from the grave all its terror and gloom.

Oh, let me be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,  
And not spend a minute in trifling or play;  
Remembering these seasons were graciously given  
To teach me to seek, and prepare me for heaven.

In the house of my God, in his presence and fear,  
When I worship to-day, may it all be sincere;  
In the school when I learn, may I do it with care,  
And be grateful to those who watch over me there.

Instruct me, my Saviour; a child though I be,  
I am not too young to be noticed by thee;  
Renew all my heart, keep me firm in thy ways,  
I would love thee, and serve thee, and give thee  
the praise.

## 62. DEAR FATHER, ERE WE PART.

*German Melody.*

DEAR Father, ere we part,  
Now let thy grace descend,  
And fill each youthful heart  
With peace, from Christ, our friend;



May showers of blessings from above  
Descend and fill our hearts with love,  
Descend and fill our hearts with love.

May we, in after years,  
    With gratitude review  
The service of this day,  
    The works we now pursue ;  
And speed our way to worlds above,  
With hearts all fired with holy love,  
With hearts all fired with holy love.

We know that soon on earth  
    The fondest ties must end,  
Our own most cherished hopes  
    To death's cold hand must bend ;  
The fairest flowers, in all their bloom,  
Must soon lie withered in the tomb,  
Must soon lie withered in the tomb.

Then, when our spirits leave  
    These tenements of clay,  
May they, to God who gave,  
    Ascend, in endless day,  
To join with parents, teachers, friends,  
That anthem sweet which never ends,  
That anthem sweet which never ends.

[Plymouth Collection.]

## 63. "LORD, TEACH A LITTLE CHILD TO PRAY."

C. M.—TUNE.—"*Cross and Crown.*"

LORD, teach a little child to pray;  
Thy grace betimes impart;  
And grant thy Holy Spirit may  
Renew my sinful heart.

A fallen creature I was born,  
And from my birth I strayed:  
I must be wretched and forlorn  
Without thy mercy's aid.

But Christ can all my sins forgive,  
And wash away their stain;  
Can fit my soul with him to live,  
And in his kingdom reign.

To him let little children come,  
For he hath said they may;  
His bosom then shall be their home,  
Their tears he'll wipe away.

For all who early seek his face  
Shall surely taste his love;  
Jesus shall guide them by his grace,  
To dwell with him above.

L. M.

[Songs of Zion.]

64.

## REST.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!  
From which none ever wake to weep;  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee  
Thy kindred and their graves may be;  
But thine is still a blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wake to weep.

Asleep in Jesus! Oh, for me  
May such a blissful refuge be:  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
And wait the summons from on high.

[S. S. Hymns.]

65.

## JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY.

JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward we move,  
Bound to the land of bright spirits above:  
Jesus, my Saviour, in mercy says come,  
Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home.  
Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,  
Soon to the presence of God we shall go;  
Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been given,  
Joyfully, joyfully rest we in Heaven.

Teachers and scholars have passed on before ;  
Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore,  
Singing, to cheer us while passing along,  
Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home.  
Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear,  
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,  
Filling with harmony heaven's high dome—  
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.

Death, with his arrow, may soon lay us low,  
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow ;  
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb—  
Joyfully, joyfully will we go home.  
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,  
Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be gone,  
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,  
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

## 66. THE CHILD'S DESIRE.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,  
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that his hands had been placed on my  
head,  
That his arm had been thrown around me,

And that I might have seen his kind look when  
he said,

“Let the little ones come unto me.”

Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,

And ask for a share in his love ;

And if I thus earnestly seek him below,

I shall see him and hear him above,

In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare,

For all who are washed and forgiven ;

And many dear children are gathering there,

“For of such is the kingdom of Heaven.”

I saw a lit-tle child at play, Be-

side a glass-y pool, Where soft the dancing

sun-beams lay Up-on the wa-ters cool.

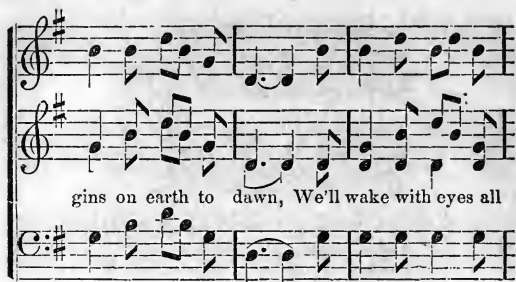
- 2 I saw him cast a little stone  
    Into that peaceful tide,  
And watch the wavelets one by one,  
    Spread circling far and wide.
- 3 I thought about a purer wave,  
    For all the nations given,  
The precious blood a Saviour gave  
    To make us meet for heaven.
- 4 Dear children, if your hearts you bring,  
    Where those bright waters glide,  
As spread each gently circling ring  
    Upon that quiet tide;—
- 5 So from each heart beneath that wave  
    Sweet influence may spring,  
Some distant heart from death to save,  
    Some soul to heaven to bring.
- 6 Far as the ocean's waves extend,  
    Far as earth's shores are spread,  
So far that heart its love may send,  
    For which a Saviour bled!

---

### SABBATH MORNING.

The musical score for 'Sabbath Morning' is presented in three staves. The first two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The first staff contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff contains a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The third staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a bass line for the melody. The lyrics '1 When Sabbath's sa - cred morn - ing light Be-' are positioned below the first staff and above the third staff.

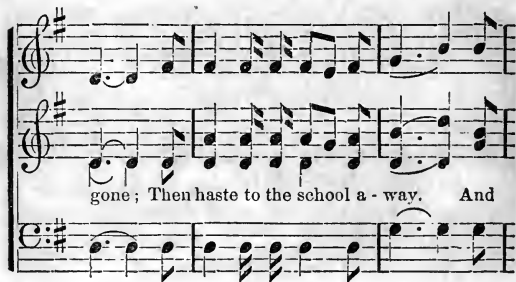
1 When Sabbath's sa - cred morn - ing light Be-



gins on earth to dawn, We'll wake with eyes all



spark - ling bright, And bid dull sloth be-



gone; Then haste to the school a - way. And



keep this sa - cred day : Haste a - way, yes,

haste a-way, And keep this sa - cred day.

- 2 The tuneful birds in concert meet,  
And carol sweet their lays ;  
In nature's temple they repeat  
Their great Creator's praise :  
Then haste, &c.

- 3 From valley, field, and mountain air,  
They pour their warbling strains,  
And in one chorus loud declare,  
That God for ever reigns :  
Then haste, &c.

4 Then in the temple of the Lord,  
That consecrated place,  
We'll listen to God's holy word,  
And seek his pard'ning grace :  
Then haste, &c.

5 There, with united heart and voice,  
Our songs to God we'll raise,  
While millions more with us rejoice,  
And join in prayer and praise :  
Then haste, &c.

---

### THE HAPPY LAND.

Arranged from an East Indian Melody

1 There is a happy land, "Fast by the throne ;"

The musical notation for the first system consists of two staves in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The melody begins with a quarter note G, followed by a dotted quarter note A, an eighth note B, and a quarter note C. The accompaniment begins with a quarter note G, followed by a dotted quarter note A, an eighth note B, and a quarter note C. The melody continues with a quarter note D, a dotted quarter note E, an eighth note F, and a quarter note G. The accompaniment continues with a quarter note D, a dotted quarter note E, an eighth note F, and a quarter note G. The melody ends with a quarter note A, a dotted quarter note B, an eighth note C, and a quarter note D. The accompaniment ends with a quarter note A, a dotted quarter note B, an eighth note C, and a quarter note D.

Where, with a sinless band, God reigns a-lone ;

The musical notation for the second system consists of two staves in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The melody begins with a quarter note G, followed by a dotted quarter note A, an eighth note B, and a quarter note C. The accompaniment begins with a quarter note G, followed by a dotted quarter note A, an eighth note B, and a quarter note C. The melody continues with a quarter note D, a dotted quarter note E, an eighth note F, and a quarter note G. The accompaniment continues with a quarter note D, a dotted quarter note E, an eighth note F, and a quarter note G. The melody ends with a quarter note A, a dotted quarter note B, an eighth note C, and a quarter note D. The accompaniment ends with a quarter note A, a dotted quarter note B, an eighth note C, and a quarter note D.



- 2 There is a happy clime—  
 Christ is its sun ;  
 Light from whose orb sublime  
 Shines ever on :  
 Adieu the earth for aye—  
 Spirit, burst thy bonds of clay ;  
 Haste thither, hast away ;  
 " In Christ we're one."
- 3 Earth's charms shall ne'er decay  
 Thee back again ;

For earth hath not a joy  
 Without its pain :  
 Bliss is a thing that seems ;  
 Hopes are only fleeting dreams—  
 Till death in Christ redeems,  
 All, all is is vain.

- 4 On to thy happy home,  
 No more to sigh ;  
 Where sin nor sorrow come,  
 Where none may die :  
 On to that happy clime ;—  
 O, break forth, thou Sun sublime !  
 Angel ! I bide my time,  
 To soar on high. J. C. I.
- 

#### HYMN 2.—THE HAPPY LAND.

- 1 There is a happy land,  
 Far, far away,—  
 Where saints in glory stand,  
 Bright, bright as day :  
 O how they sweetly sing,  
 Worthy is our Saviour King ;  
 Loud let his praises ring  
 For evermore.
- 2 Come to that happy land,  
 Come, come away ;  
 Why will you doubting stand ?  
 Why still delay ?  
 O we shall happy be,  
 When from sin and sorrow free,  
 Lord we shall live with thee,  
 Blest evermore.

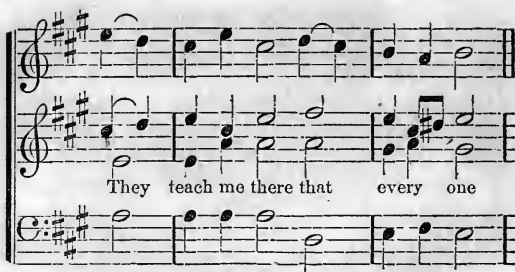
3 Bright in that happy land  
Beams every eye ;  
Kept by a father's hand,  
Love cannot die :  
O, then to glory run ;  
Be a crown and kingdom won ;  
And bright above the sun  
Reign evermore.

---

## LOVE FOR SABBATH SCHOOL.

1 The Sab - bath School's a place of prayer,

I love to meet my teach - ers there ;



They teach me there that every one

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of three sharps. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of three sharps. The lyrics "They teach me there that every one" are written below the middle staff.



May find in heav'n a hap-py home:

The second system of musical notation for the song. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of three sharps. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of three sharps. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of three sharps. The lyrics "May find in heav'n a hap-py home:" are written below the middle staff.



I love to go— I love to go—

The third system of musical notation for the song. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of three sharps. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of three sharps. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of three sharps. The lyrics "I love to go— I love to go—" are written below the middle staff.



- 1 The Sabbath School's a place of prayer,  
 I love to meet my teachers there ;  
 They teach me there that ev'ry one  
 May find in heaven a happy home :  
     I love to go—I love to go—  
     I love to go to Sabbath School.
- 2 In God's own book we're taught to read  
 How Christ for sinners groan'd and bled ;  
 That precious blood a ransom gave  
 For sinful man—his soul to save :  
     I love to go—I love to go—  
     I love to go to Sabbath School.
- 3 In Sabbath School we sing and pray,  
 And learn to love the sabbath-day ;  
 That when on earth our sabbaths end,  
 A glorious rest in heaven we'll spend :  
     I love to go—I love to go—  
     I love to go to Sabbath School.
- 4 And when our days on earth are o'er,  
 We'll meet in heaven to part no more :  
 Our teachers kind we there shall greet,  
 And O ! what joy 'twill be to meet,  
     In heaven above—in heaven above—  
     In heaven above, to part no more.

## GREENWOOD. 7s, 8 lines.

E, IVES, JUN. by permission.

1 Lit - tle trav'lers, Zi - on - ward,

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is written on the bottom staff. The lyrics "1 Lit - tle trav'lers, Zi - on - ward," are written below the first staff.

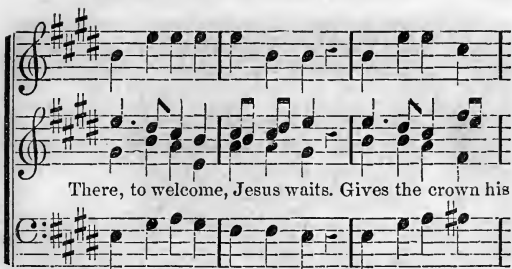
Each one ent'ring into rest— In the kingdom

The second system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is written on the bottom staff. The lyrics "Each one ent'ring into rest— In the kingdom" are written below the first staff.

of your Lord In the mansions of the blessed ;—

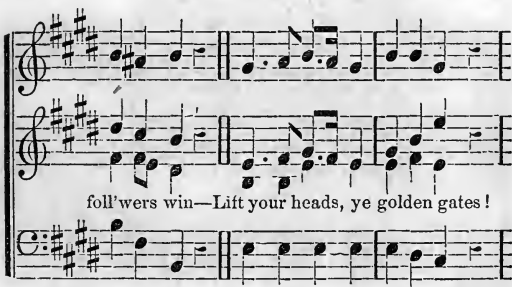
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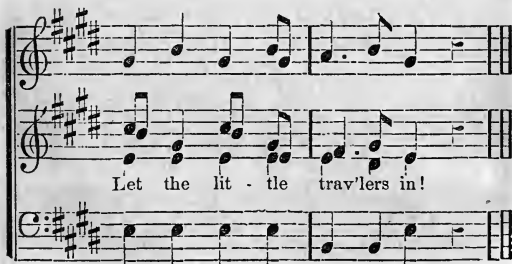
There, to welcome, Jesus waits. Gives the crown his

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of three sharps. The lyrics "There, to welcome, Jesus waits. Gives the crown his" are written below the middle staff.



follo'wers win—Lift your heads, ye golden gates!

The second system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps. The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of three sharps. The lyrics "follo'wers win—Lift your heads, ye golden gates!" are written below the middle staff.



Let the lit - tle trav'lers in!

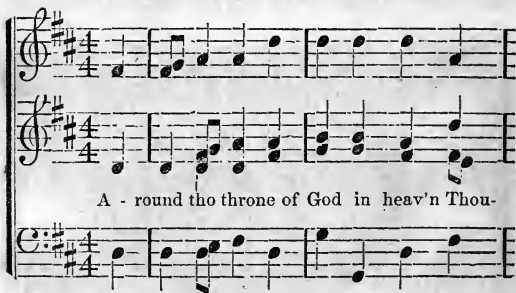
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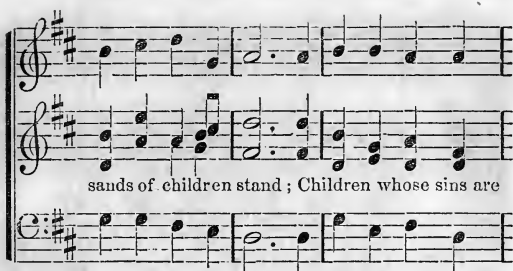
- 2 Who are they whose little feet,  
Pacing life's dark journey through—  
Now have reach'd that heav'nly seat,  
They have ever kept in view?  
"I from Greenland's frozen land ;"  
"I from India's sultry plain ;"  
"I from Afric's barren sand ;"  
"I from islands of the main."

- 3 "All our earthly journey past,  
Every tear and pain gone by,  
Here together met at last,  
At the portal of the sky ;  
Each the welcome ' COME ' awaits,  
Conq'rors over death and sin !"  
Lift your heads, ye golden gates !  
Let the little trav'lers in !

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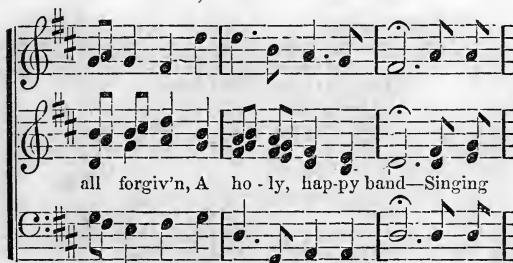
### CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.





sands of children stand ; Children whose sins are

The first system of the song consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The middle staff is also in treble clef with the same key signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics "sands of children stand ; Children whose sins are" are written below the middle staff.



all forgiv'n, A ho - ly, hap-py band—Singing

The second system of the song consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The middle staff is also in treble clef with the same key signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics "all forgiv'n, A ho - ly, hap-py band—Singing" are written below the middle staff.

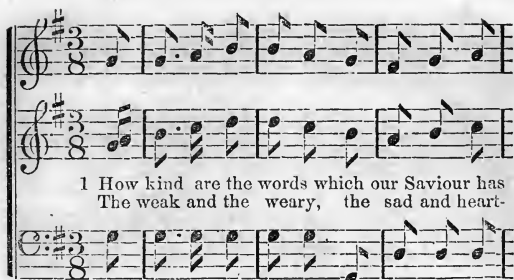


glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Sing - ing

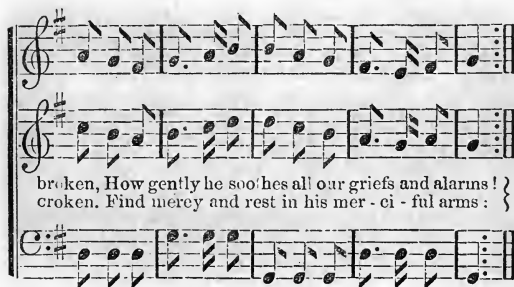
The third system of the song consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The middle staff is also in treble clef with the same key signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics "glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Sing - ing" are written below the middle staff.



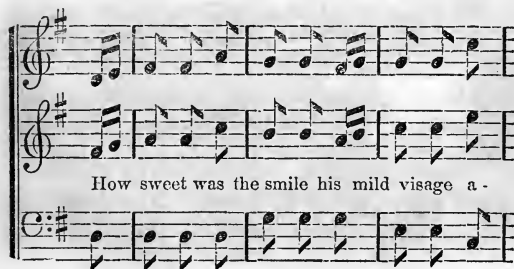
- 2 In flowing robes of spotless white,  
See every one array'd ;  
Dwelling in everlasting light,  
And joys that never fade—  
Singing glory, glory, glory ;  
Singing glory, glory, glory.
- 3 What brought them to that world above,  
That heav'n so bright and fair,  
Where all is peace, and joy, and love !—  
How came these children there ?  
Singing glory, glory, glory !  
Singing glory, glory, glory .
- 4 Because the Saviour shed his blood  
To wash away their sin ;  
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,  
Behold them white and clean—  
Singing glory, glory, glory :  
Singing glory, glory, glory,
- 5 On earth they Sought the Saviour's grace,  
On earth they loved his name ;  
So now they see his blessed face,  
And stand before the Lamb—  
Singing glory, glory, glory :  
Singing glory, glory, glory.



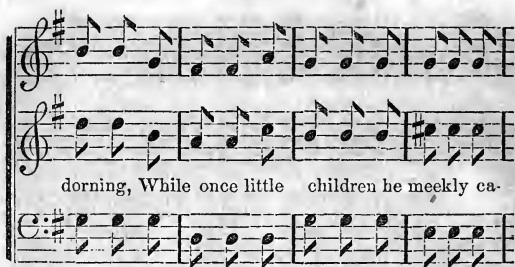
1 How kind are the words which our Saviour has  
The weak and the weary, the sad and heart-



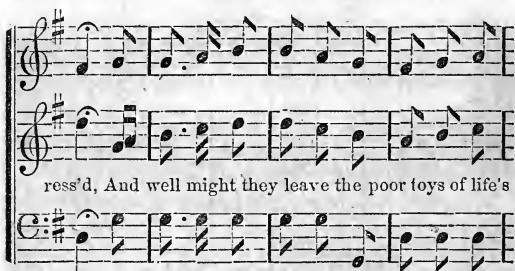
broken, How gently he soothes all our griefs and alarms ! }  
croken. Find mercy and rest in his mer - ci - ful arms : }



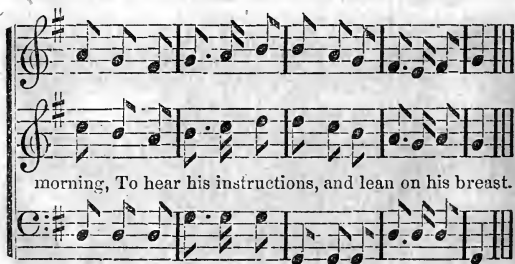
How sweet was the smile his mild visage a -



dorning, While once little children he meekly ca-



ress'd, And well might they leave the poor toys of life's



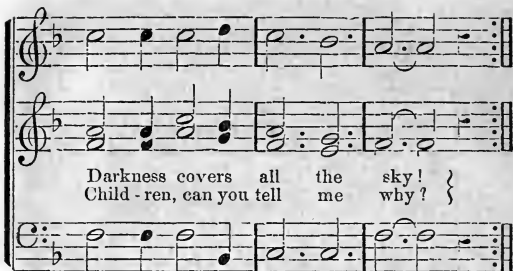
morning, To hear his instructions, and lean on his breast.

- 2 And still, though to heaven in glory ascended,  
 Unchanged do his meekness and mercy remain ;  
 For us are his kind invitations intended,  
 And we may his presence and blessing obtain :  
 E'er now in his gospel he passes before us,  
 With words and with works of compassion and love ;  
 His eye is upon us,—his arm is stretched o'er us,  
 To guard and to guide us to mansions above.
- 3 In the dear Sabbath School we're especially near him ;  
 For here is his great condescension display'd ;  
 We sit at his feet, both to see and to hear him,  
 And learn the sweet truths in his gospel convey'd :  
 Then thanks to the teachers, who pitied our blindness,  
 And led us from downward and dangerous ways ;  
 And thanks to the Lord, who in merciful kindness  
 Has help'd them to tune our young lips to his praise.
- 4 And still in our love and wisdom confiding,  
 Their lessons of truth we will learn and obey :  
 With diligent minds we will follow their guiding,  
 And all their kind care with affection repay :  
 And O ! when our last sabbath sun has descended,  
 And life's precious day of probation is o'er—  
 May we, by the same faithful Guardian attended,  
 Our Saviour in bliss and in glory adore.

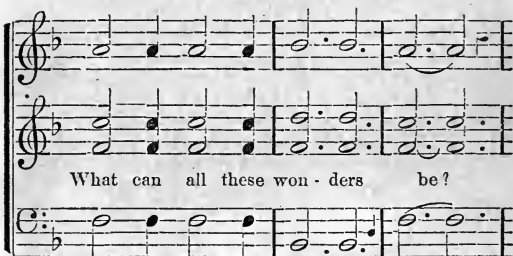
## MARTYN. 7s, 8 lines.

S. B. MARSH.

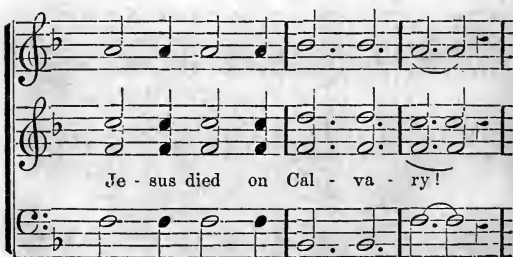
1 Lo, at noon 'tis sud - den night !  
 Rocks are rend - ing at the sight !—



Darkness covers all the sky! }  
Child - ren, can you tell me why? }



What can all these won - ders be?



Je - sus died on Cal - va - ry!



What can all these won - ders be?

Je - sus died on Cal - va - ry.

2 Nail'd upon the cross, behold  
 How his tender limbs are torn!  
 For a royal crown of gold,  
 They have made him one of thorn!  
 Cruel hands, that dare to bind  
 Thorns upon a brow so kind!  
 Cruel hands, &c.

3 See, the blood is falling fast  
 From his forehead and his side!  
 Hark! he now has breathed his last!  
 With a mighty groan he died!

Children, shall I tell you why  
Jesus condescends to die ?

Children, shall I, &c.

4 You were wretched, weak, and vile ;

You deserved his holy frown !

But he saw you with a smile,

And to save you hastened down !

Listen, children : this is why

Jesus condescends to die :

Listen, children, &c.

5 Come, then, children, come and see ;

Lift your little hands to pray ;

"Blessed Jesus, pardon me—

Help a guilty sinner," say ;

"Since it was for such as I

Thou didst condescend to die !"

"Since it was, &c.

---

### GOD IS LOVE. C. M. D.

Words by Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.

L: THOMPSON.

The musical score is written on three staves. The first two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The first staff contains a melody of quarter notes: F#4, G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5. The second staff contains a harmonic accompaniment of chords: F#4-G4, A4-B4, C5-D5, E5-F#5. The third staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a bass line of quarter notes: F#3, G3, A3, B3, C4, D4, E4, F#4. Below the staves, the lyrics are written in two lines: "1 There is a voice on eve - ry breeze, A" and "We hear it in the stir - ring trees, And".

1 There is a voice on eve - ry breeze, A  
We hear it in the stir - ring trees, And

language all a - round ; }  
from the verdant ground : }

This system contains three staves of music. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music consists of a melody in the top staff and accompaniment in the bottom two staves. There are repeat signs and first/second endings indicated by double bar lines and dots.

everywhere, Like music from a - bove ; Earth,

This system contains three staves of music. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, with repeat signs and first/second endings.

air, and sea, the voice is there, It whispers, "God is love"

This system contains three staves of music. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music concludes the piece with a final cadence, indicated by a double bar line.

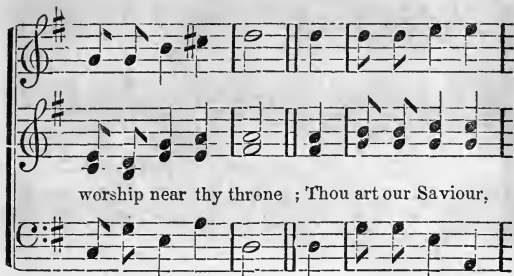
2 With worship in its perfumed heart,  
The blossom lifts its eye ;  
The insects trump their humble part,  
The brook is singing by :  
With plumed wing the little bird  
Sings in the shelt'ring grave :  
And with them all the voice is heard—  
It says, " Our God is love."

3 O may that voice in childhood's days  
Within our hearts be found !  
O may we join that song of praise,  
Breathed forth from all around !  
And thus our earth begin the song,  
Now heard in heaven above,  
Where ever bow the white-robed throng,  
Who sing " Our God is love."

—  
WORSHIP. C. M.

E. C. HOWE.

1 In hum - ble accents, Lord, we sing, And



musical score for the first system of the hymn, featuring three staves (treble, alto, and bass clefs) in G major (one sharp). The lyrics are: worship near thy throne ; Thou art our Saviour,



musical score for the second system of the hymn, featuring three staves (treble, alto, and bass clefs) in G major (one sharp). The lyrics are: thou our King, O send thy bless - ings down.

2 Hast thou not said, "Let children come?"

'Tis here thy people meet ;

And we have learned there still is room ;

We bow beneath thy feet.

3 To thee we give this sacred hour,

In thee our souls confide ;

Beneath the shadow of thy power,

Our feet shall never slide.

1 "Lit - tle children, love each o - ther;" 'Tis the

This system contains the first three staves of the hymn. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

blessed Saviour's rule: Ev - ery lit - tle one is

This system contains the next three staves of the hymn, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves.

brother To his play - fel - lows at school.

This system contains the final three staves of the hymn. The lyrics are written below the staves.

- 2 We're all children of one Father,  
That great God who reigns above;  
Shall we quarrel? No: much rather  
Would we dwell, like him in love.
- 3 He has placed us here together,  
That we may be good and kind;  
He is ever watching whether  
We are one in heart and mind.
- 4 Who is stronger than the other?  
Let him be the weak one's friend;  
Who's more playthings than his brother?  
He should like to give or lend.
- 5 All they have they share with others,  
With kind looks and gentle words:  
Thus they love like happy brothers,  
And are known to be the Lord's.

---

THE PEARL. 8s & 6s.

The musical score for 'The Pearl' is written for three parts: Soprano, Alto, and Bass. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The Soprano part begins with a '1st time.' repeat sign. The lyrics are: '1 The child who dares to risk his soul, A With grief at last be-yond con-trol, Its -'. The Alto and Bass parts provide harmonic support with chords and single notes.

1st time. - - - -

1st time. - - - -

1 The child who dares to risk his soul, A  
With grief at last be-yond con-trol, Its -

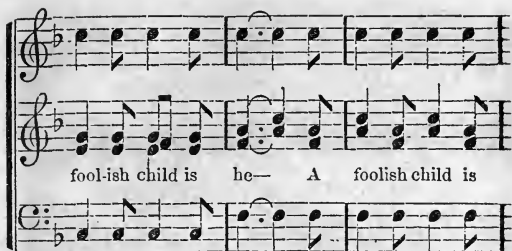
2nd time

foolish child is he;      va - lue he will see: }

The day of grace which God has given, Is made to fit the

soul for heaven: Then wasted should it be? A





- 2 The child who breaks the Sabbath day,  
 A sinful child is he—  
 A youthful sinner by thy way,  
 How sad a sight to see!  
 He runs the path that leads from God—  
 He treads the broad, frequented road,  
 With wild and careless glee :  
 A sinful child is he—A sinful child, &c.
- 3 The child who utters oaths profane,  
 A wicked child is he—

He sells his soul without a gain,  
What shall its ransom be?  
Down to the gates of endless woe,  
The wretched swearer soon will go—  
Such would these children be?  
A wicked child is he—A wicked child, &c.

4 The child who loves the way of Truth,  
A happy child is he—  
He chooses Wisdom's path in youth—  
Forever happy he!  
The sinner's path he learns to shun;  
The way of peace he loves to run;  
A pleasant sight to see!  
A happy child is he—A happy child, &c.

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## SALEM'S KING. C. M. Double.

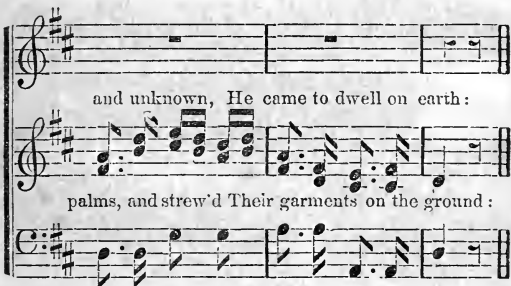
1 When Je - sus left his Father's throne, He

2 When Je - sus in - to Sa - lem rode, The




chose a humble birth; Like us, unonor'd  
children sung a round; For joy they pluck'd the

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and contains a whole rest followed by a half note G4. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two sharps and contains a bass line of eighth and sixteenth notes.



and unknown, He came to dwell on earth:  
palms, and strew'd Their garments on the ground:

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and contains a whole rest followed by a half note G4. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two sharps and contains a bass line of eighth and sixteenth notes.



Sweet were his words, and kind his look, When  
Ho - san - na, our glad voi - ces raise; Ho-

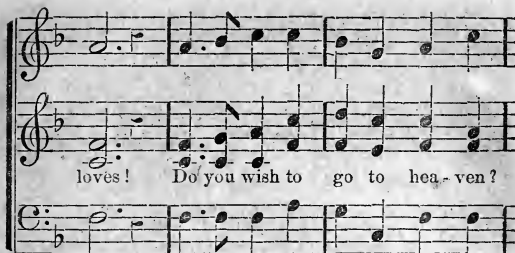
The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two sharps and contains a bass line of eighth and sixteenth notes.

mothers round him press'd ; Their infants in his  
san - na to our King ! Should we forget the

arms he took, And on his bo - som bless'd.  
Saviour's praise, The stones themselves would sing.

### LOVE OF JESUS.

Tenor. A. D. T.  
Air.  
Alto.  
Bass.  
1 Lit - tle child, do you love Jesus ? Oh, how he



loves! Do you wish to go to hea-ven?

This system contains three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics "loves! Do you wish to go to hea-ven?" are written below the middle staff.



Oh, how he loves! First of all, ask

This system contains three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics "Oh, how he loves! First of all, ask" are written below the middle staff.



his for-give-ness With your heart, altho' quite helpless ;

This system contains three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics "his for-give-ness With your heart, altho' quite helpless ;" are written below the middle staff.

Jesus lit - tle children blesses; Oh, how he

loves! how he loves! how he loves; how he loves!

2 He will listen to your prayer :

Oh, how he loves!

Feed you by his tender care :

Oh, how he loves!

He became a child just like you ;

Here he suffer'd to redeem you ;

And at last he died to save you :

Oh, how he loves.

3 Trust him, he will ne'er forget you :

Oh, how he loves!

No, he never will forsake you :

Oh, how he loves !

None from his strong hand can pluck you ;

His almighty arm protects you :

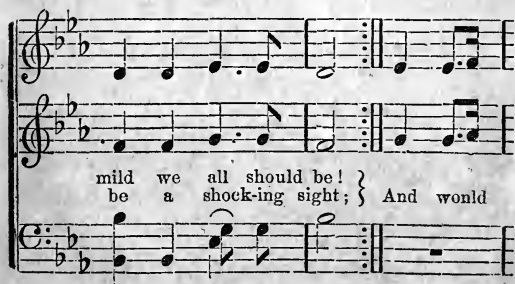
Loving one, he ever loves you :

Oh, how he loves !

### INFANT SCHOOL.



1 Ve-ry lit-tle ones, are we, O how  
Never quarrel, never fight, This would



mild we all should be ! }  
be a shock-ing sight ; } And would

breaks a hap - py rule Of our much-loved Infant

School—And would break a happy rule Of our

much-loved Infant School Of our much-loved Infant School.



2 Just like pretty little lambs  
Softly skipping by their dams,  
We'll be gentle all the day,  
Love to learn as well as play;  
And attend to every rule  
Of our much-loved Infant School.

3 In the winter, when 'tis mild,  
We may run, but not be wild;  
But in summer we must walk,  
And improve the time by talk;  
Then we shall come nice and cool  
To our much-loved Infant School.

---

“We lay thee in the silent Tomb.” C. M.

Denth of a Scholar.

W. B. B.

Tenor.

The musical score is written for three parts: Tenor, Treble, and Bass. The Tenor part is on a single staff with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 6/4 time signature. The Treble part is on a single staff with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 6/4 time signature. The Bass part is on a single staff with a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and a 6/4 time signature. The lyrics 'We lay thee in the silent tomb, Sweet' are written below the Treble and Bass staves.

We lay thee in the sil-ent tomb, Sweet

blossom of a day; We just began to

to view thy bloom, And thou art cald away.

- 2 Friendship and love have done their last,  
And now can do no more;  
The bitterness of death is past,  
And all thy sufferings o'er.
- 3 Thy gentle spirit passed away  
'Mid pain the most severe;  
So great we could not wish thy stay  
A moment longer here.
- 4 Thou minglest now in that bright throng  
Around the eternal throne,  
And join'st the everlasting song  
With those before thee gone.
- 5 O, who could wish thy longer stay  
In such a world as this,  
Since thou hast gained the realms of day,  
And pure, undying bliss?









making  
D. 1. 1. 1.



